

LONG LAKE

Grandpa Lambertson closed his cottage for the winter last Wednesday and went to Belding to visit his children for several days before going to his son, John Lambertson, near Orleans when he will make his home for the winter.

Mrs. Miles Merriett spent last Tuesday in Belding with Mrs. Earl Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hammond and granddaughter spent a couple of days in their cottage last week.

Jeff Way was up for last Tuesday and Wednesday.

John Hamblin spent last Monday in Ionia.

Mrs. Frank Heth came from Grand Rapids Tuesday to spend the day.

Mrs. Ed. Decker has gone to Shiloh to visit relatives for a week or so.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Ransford of Ionia were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Haberstump over Sunday in their cottage and report a fine catch of fish.

Mr. and Mrs. Major McDowell and family came up Saturday night to spend Sunday in the Clark cottage.

Mac knows how to get them. Some fine fish he had, especially those perch.

Mrs. Phebe McConnell spent last Friday in Belding.

Miss Hazel Kennedy spent Sunday with friends near Shiloh.

Floyd Mikesell was in Grand Rapids Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Morton of Detroit and Mrs. Ed. Olmsted of Orleans were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Hall Thursday.

Helena Schultz spent Sunday with Virginia and Anabelle Hall.

Grattan Pioneer Dead.

The funeral of Mrs. James Heffron, aged 74, a pioneer resident of Grattan township was held from St. Patrick's Catholic church, Parnell, Thursday morning, Sept. 6, at 9 o'clock, Rev. Fr. D. J. Beahan officiating and interment being made in the cemetery there.

Mrs. Heffron was a resident of Grattan practically all of her life and had lived in the same house for more than 50 years. She was the mother of 12 children, of whom Mrs. W. J. McCarthy and Bert and Cam Heffron of Parnell, are sister and brothers. Nearly 250 auto loads of relatives and friends were in the procession which followed her remains to the church and cemetery and gave fitting testimony of the love which the people of the countryside had for Mrs. Heffron.

The man who can get out with a gun these days and return with a bag of game, has talents that would be appreciated by all our boys now in the trenches.

SPLENDID LETTERS FROM THOSE GRAND FELLOWS OVER THERE

(Continued From Page One.)

Wednesday, Sept. 4, 1918.

Dear Mother:

I just wrote a day or two ago but will write again. Maybe you will get them all in a bunch. I just got a letter you wrote when I was in the middle of the ocean and I also got a letter from Mabel Byrne today. I was some glad to hear from somebody.

I am busy most of the time. We have a 5 or 10 mile hike every day and the rest of the day is spent in lectures on medicine and we get one hour exercise every day.

Is Mr. Ellis going to live up there in a tent? It will be nice I think. I haven't been in a tent since I left Camp Custer. I have been feeling well ever since I left home. It doesn't seem as long as it is since I left home.

When is pa going to start cutting lumber? It hasn't rained since I came over here. I guess it rains here at certain times of the year. The air here is light. So you got a letter from Harold. I would like to see him. It is hard to find anybody over here. The only fellow I have found over here is young Nicholas of Belding. Those fellows who have been drafted last I don't think will ever get across over here as we are pushing the measles devils back so fast that some day soon you will hear about a big bust and everything will be over. They are just about all in.

Well, I am a long ways from the front yet but I wish I was there and I guess everybody in our Co. thinks the same thing. Our boys can't get there fast enough to get a whack at the bloody Kaiser.

I think I will be home by Christmas with a pair of shoe strings out of the Kaiser's hide so you can look for a present from me.

Did you get any of the letters that I wrote? I didn't have time to send a telegram or write a letter so don't worry about me if you don't hear from me for a long time. I have been writing quite often so you will get a letter every now and then. If I knew Clark Tuttle's address I would write. Well I can't think of any more to write so I guess I will have to ring off.

From your loving son,
Prvt. Rollin Denovan,
340 Field Hospital, A. E. F., via N. Y., American Postoffice 789.

Harmon Palmateer in a letter to Mrs. John Bussell, which is as follows, says that German prisoners do not need much guarding or watching.

Somewhere in France, Sept. 4.

Dear Friends:

Received your kind and most welcome letter a few days ago and was glad to hear from you folks again. I wrote to you some time ago. You will most likely receive it before this one. It sure does seem to take a letter a long while to go from here home. I only get mail about once a month over here where I used to get as high as ten letters a week in the states. So you see that it makes a lot of difference.

We are having fine weather over here now. It hasn't rained since the Lord knows when. We are practicing trench digging now and it sure is hard digging. We have moved from our old post or camp where we went when we landed and we sure had a fine long march. But we are in a nicer little place now than we were before. Sim and I are still together, both well, always happy and like the army as well as ever. Wish Frankie was with us, we would sure show him a fine time over here; all kinds of madamoeselles. All they do is to chase the cattle around the fields, and that's most generally where you find all of the U. S. soldiers at night.

I haven't heard from my folks in a long while although I write home often. It's better for them to get mail from me than for me to hear from them. When they know I am keeping well why then they won't worry. Well I think this thing will be over now before long at least. I am hoping so. We are getting feed as good over here as we did before in the States. Tell Frankie I hope that he has good a time with his machine as I did. Also tell him to write. Tell all the Belding folks to write.

I have seen a great number of German prisoners over here. Believe me they don't need to be guarded. They are willing to stay prisoners.

I have seen Levy Stone several times. He is driving an ambulance now. He was at Chateau-Thierry when they made that last drive, but he is still well and very fleshy. You wouldn't know him now.

Earle is also somewhere over here. I received one letter from him but haven't heard from him now in a long while, so I don't know where he is now. I wish he was with Sim and I. I hope we get up to the front before long so we can get this big task over and get back home again.

Well, as news is scarce and it's bed time besides, I will have to close for this time. I remain as ever your friend,

Harmon Palmateer,
2nd Bn. French Artillery, Battery D,
A. E. F., A. P. O. 714.

According to Claude Broadhead's letters home the French people like the Yanks fine and treat them to beer and wine, which don't go so very bad when a fellow is far, far away from home. Claude writes as follows:

Sept. 2, 1918.

Dear Mother and All:

I will write you a few lines to let you know that I am in fine health and hope you are all the same.

Well, there are so many things to tell but still I cannot tell you very much for it is against orders. We had a fine trip across. It was still and had a little rain but the weather was coming over but the weather otherwise was fine. There's so much to write just now that I cannot decide just what to write first. It is sure a pretty country over here and fine people and I think I will make things go all right if nothing happens. I am tired and need some sleep. This is my first letter from here. I will write you in a couple of days and tell you more. I am writing this on my knee. The Y is so full I cannot get it to write on a table.

Tell all the folks I said hello, also Ella. I have written her some cards, see if she gets them and let me know.

I told her to get my address from you so give her it the first time you see her. Well, I guess I will close and go to sleep for I need the rest. So will close with best love and best wishes. Your loving son,
Prvt. Claude Broadhead,
No. 438397, Supply Co. 69 Art., C. A. C., A. E. F.

Sept. 11, 1918.

Dearest Mother and All:

I will write you a few lines today to let you know that I am in good health and doing fine and hope you are all the same. This is a fine day, the sun is shining and it is warm.

We are having lots of experience now and things are different than they were in the U. S. We cannot go like we did back there but will be back again some day if nothing happens.

I have seen some of England and the biggest part of France and expect to see some of Germany before I get back to the U. S. There is some fine country over here. They raise mostly grapes to make wine. We can have all the wine and beer we want for the water is not much good. The people treat us fine, give us wine and grapes. They think the American is all o. k. It is hard to understand them when they talk but it is easy to pick up. I know some of the language, just enough to get by.

I expect to go away to a truck and auto school soon now to learn to be a auto school soon now to learn to be a driver.

Well, I guess I will close for this is about all I can tell you. Tell them all I said hello and wish them good luck. Your loving son,
Claude.

Pink Simms isn't the name of any society dude but it is the name of a real live Yank over there who is where the shells coming down put one in mind of a good heavy rainstorm. Pink says that he don't like it very much but he is going to stick it through until the bitter end and then make the Germans bite off the end. Pink writes the following epistle to Mrs. Gertrude Clark of near Smyrna:

August 20, 1918.

Dear Friend:

I was much pleased to get your letter and as I have a little time I will endeavor to answer it.

It has been very quiet on this part of the front since last month, only some shelling every day or night with a little gas once in awhile; tonight there was a little fighting but it did not amount to much. I sure get the blues when it is quiet. I want to see them fight all of the time so we can go home. I am on my second year here now and I am tired of it. It had not ought to take long to finish it now for we are licking them right along, but nearly every one thinks it will finish some time next year. I hate to think of another winter over here. Last winter was the worst one I ever put in. I never saw so much mud in my life. It snows all night and rains all day for months and months over here. I was wet so much last winter that I have rheumatism regularly now although I never had it before I came to France.

There are a good many things I would like to have from over there which can't get here for we never see any Y. M. C. A. men at the front and we are at the front all of the time now, but in order to get a request one must first go and see the colonel. I only see my colonel about once every three months as I am on detached service with the French army. Any way a person does not like to ask the colonel for anything. I guess I will have to do without.

Last month we had a big bombardment and 7,000 shells fell at this point that was during the big battle. We had lots of gas too, which killed everything in the valley. Where I am posted the shells didn't bother us much. We kept right on working any way. Well, hoping this finds you well and thanking you for your kind offer, I will close from,

Your friend,
Corporal Pink Simms,
Co. D, 13th Eng., A. P. O. 215, A. E. F., France.

Gave Miscellaneous Shower.

A number of the young lady friends of Miss Marjorie Childs from the Richardson Silk Co. mill, gave a miscellaneous shower in her honor at the home of her mother Thursday evening.

Many useful, valuable and beautiful gifts were presented to the bride for use on her journey through life and the party had a fine time. Miss Childs will be married to Glen Castle, a mail carrier of Ionia, some time this week, although the time, date and place would not be known until after the event had happened as the young people were seemingly being able to keep the matter quite well to themselves.

The folks who complain because the American army doesn't go ahead faster are not usually the same ones who buy a good large Liberty bond to provide that army with an equipment that will enable it to advance.

This is a time when most women are working. The more attention they give to being stylish, the less they are in style.

The charge for moving telephones having been increased, it is now up to the householders to make a mistake and put it in the right location in the first place.

A Well Skin Never Chafes

Chafing is caused by the rubbing of clothing against the skin; or even of the skin against itself.

Nature has equipped the healthy skin to provide against such conditions in the form of various excretions. Failure of the skin to function properly results in inflammation from the constant rubbing, and "chafing" results.

To relieve this condition local external measures usually give the most satisfaction; and the most effective remedy is powdered Boric.

Dust the irritated surface frequently with 20 Mule Team Powdered Boric, removing the cause of the irritation if possible or, perhaps, covering with Vaseline.

A healing ointment may easily be made by mixing 20 Mule Team Powdered Boric with lanolin.

Your druggist sells 20 Mule Team Powdered Boric.

Church and Sunday School

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHOLIC

Mass every other Sunday at 8 a. m., every alternate Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Mass every week day at 7:30 a. m. Rectory, residence, 409 South Bridge street.

Rev. John A. Klich, Rector.

HOLY TRINITY MISSION (Episcopal)
Corner of Congress and Alderman streets. Hours of service Sunday: 10:30—Morning service.
Rev. Robert S. Nash, Priest-in-Charge.

FREE METHODIST CHURCH
Sunday school, 10:00.
Morning worship, 11:00.
Class meeting, 12:00.
Evening service, 7:00. Sermon by the pastor.

Holiness meeting, Tuesday evening, 7:30.
Prayer service, Thursday evening, 7:30.
You are welcome.
J. Fred Iulig, Pastor.

METHODIST
Sunday, 10:00, class meeting; 10:30, morning service; 11:45, Sunday school; Epworth league, 6:00; evening service at 7:00 p. m.
Prayer meeting for young women in Philathea room and young men in Baraca room Tuesday evening, 7:30.
Thursday evening at 7:30, general prayer meeting followed by Bible study.
P. Ray Norton, Pastor.

LATTER DAY SAINTS
Sunday school, 10:30; prayer service, 11:30; religio, 6:30; preaching, 7:30.
J. D. Aelick, Pastor.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE
Christian Science society, 106 So. Pleasant street.
Sunday morning service at 10:45.
Sunday school at 11:45.
Testimonial meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30.

CHURCH OF CHRIST
Regular services on Sunday, 10:30 a. m. Worship and communion.
12:00 noon, Bible school; 6:00 p. m., senior C. E.; 7:00 p. m., evangelistic service.
Mid-week prayer meeting and training class Thursday at 7:30 p. m.
You are cordially invited to all services of the church.

BAPTIST CHURCH
Sunday—Morning worship, 10:30 a. m.; Bible school, 12:00; B. Y. P. U., 6:00 p. m.; evening service, 7:00; prayer meeting, Thursday evening at 7:30.
W. A. Biss, Pastor.

This is your town. Take good care of it. Don't be a community slacker.

—Cut out this advertisement, enclose it with 5 cents to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing:

(1) Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, the standard family remedy for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, tightness and soreness in chest, grippe and bronchial coughs.

(2) Foley Kidney Pills, for overworked and disordered kidneys, bladder ailments, pain in sides and back due to kidney trouble, acute muscular, stiff joints, backache and rheumatism.

(3) Foley Cathartic Tablets, a wholesome and thoroughly cleansing cathartic. You can try these three family remedies for only 5c.

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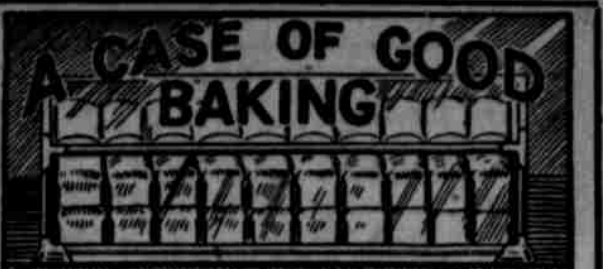
Butter Fat62
Butter55
Eggs42

MEATS
Hogs, alive17
Hogs, dressed23
Beef, alive7-10
Veal Calves, alive10-12
Sheep, live6-8
Lamb, live12-14

GRAIN—PRICES PAID FARMERS
Wheat, No. 1, red2.10
Wheat, No. 2, white2.10
Rye1.50
Oats60
Barley, per cwt.2.00
Beans, per cwt.3.50

HAY AND STRAW
Timothy Hay, baled per cwt.1.40
Straw, Rye, baled, per cwt.80

FEEDS—RETAIL
Brn. per cwt.2.30
Middlings, per cwt.2.40
Cornmeal, per cwt.3.50
Cracked Corn, per cwt.3.50
Corn and Oat Chop, per cwt.3.20



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"Oh, that fellow is a regular nuisance, always butting in where he isn't wanted."

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Guaranteed to be baked under Sanitary conditions
Guaranteed as to quality
Guaranteed to taste good, to appease your appetite and to please your palate.

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Attention Farmers

We have some farm tools that we are closing out at a price way below the prices at which they can be bought from the factory today:

1 W. A. Wood Binder, 6 ft. cut\$150.00
1 W. A. Wood Binder, 7 ft. cut 160.00
1 W. A. Wood Mower, 6 ft. cut 60.00
1 W. A. Wood Manure Spreader No. 3 125.00

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Also some riding and walking plows. These are all backed by old established firms, and we guarantee to furnish repairs promptly for any machinery sold by us.

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Pere Marquette train time at Belding

Corrected June 24, 1918.

To Ionia and Detroit, 11:29 a. m.; To Greenville and Big Rapids, 6:49 a. m.; To Greenville and Saginaw, 7:56 a. m.; To Lowell and Grand Rapids, 10:15 a. m.; To Ionia and Detroit, 11:29 a. m.; To Greenville and Big Rapids, 6:49 a. m.; To Greenville and Saginaw, 7:56 a. m.; To Lowell and Grand Rapids, 10:15 a. m.

•Daily

Run-Down People

Vinol is What You Need

Weak, run-down nervous men and women need Vinol because it contains the most famous reconstructive tonics in an agreeable and easily digested form:—Beef and Cod Liver Peptones, Iron and Manganese Peptonates and Glycerophosphates.

We guarantee there is no tonic equal to Vinol. HERE IS PROOF

Detroit, Mich. "I got into a weak, run-down condition, no appetite, tired all the time and headaches—but had to keep around and do my housework. I read about Vinol and tried it—within two weeks I commenced to improve, and now have a splendid appetite and feel stronger and better in every way."—Mrs. John F. Watson.

For all run-down, nervous, anemic conditions, weak women, overworked men, feeble old people and delicate children, there is no remedy like Vinol.

Musical Topics

Edited by Mrs. K. L. Skahen

Working For a National Conservatory

When Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale was once asked if she would help to prepare some English singers for a performance of "Figaro" the "year after next" all she said was, "Figaro?" In two years?

She might have put in words what she expressed by her amazement at the original question. Mozart-singing begins with the proper choice and education of musical ancestors; it takes, not two years, but two centuries.

Some one has said that our first president, George Washington, had this vision when he left in his will \$30,000 at that time a large fortune, to be devoted to a national institution of fine arts. That plan of the father of our Country has never materialized.

So America is a century behind in getting started on a task of governmental instruction in art, which, strange to say, has come nearer than ever before to practical realization since the world-wide disaster to arts and sciences in the great war.

Music has emerged from the upheaval of nonessential industries and modes of life since America entered the war, and has found a place in the official scheme of things for saving the world to democracy. All art has put on khaki, the painters going in for posters or for camouflage, the musicians for entertaining "over there" or volunteering as song leaders in the camps.

It is a new thing for hard-headed veterans of Indian fighting days to practice "do-re-mi-fa-sol" to the timebeat of an upstart youngster out of music school. It is nothing short of revolutionary for a general in command of an army brigade to request his camp song leader to accompany the boys from a western or a southern cantonment to the pier where they embark for France.

A reappraisal of some relative values has taken place and music is at a premium today as surely as pork. It spurs the fighting men and it helps the folks back home. Perhaps right here may be found the reason for a new attitude on the part of official Washington toward proposals involving the most serious aspects of art. The stepfatherly aloofness of Uncle Sam in the past dates from those frowning old prophets of solemnity, the Puritans. His open-handed wel-

come to musicians is wide enough now to include all of their kind, from the long-haired fraternity of imported virtuosi to the humblest music teacher of the rising generation. Hence the recent consideration, in war-time, of House Bill 6,445 for a National conservatory of music and art, with incidental control of standards of music teaching in America.

There went to the national capital, to put the case squarely before the committee on education of the house of representatives on June 17 last, men and women from organizations both private and professional, whom such a law may concern. One of these was Milton Ahorn, who in 35 years' experience of popular opera had come in contact with hundreds of so-called vocal instructors who should be declared, "in the penitentiary," persons who, in the guise of vocal teacher, had mulcted the unsuspecting pupil by misrepresentation and who knew no more of imparting vocal instruction than a babe unborn. In a great many cases, Mr. Ahorn said, the more prominent the teacher the worse the offender. "And since my return to New York some old friends look askance, as if to say, 'Do you mean me?'" he added with a smile.

"I have known poor shop girls, earning but a scant livelihood, who have stunted themselves in many instances in order to pay to an unscrupulous and unfit vocal teacher the fee he exacts. The daughters of some of our richest families are responsible to a great extent for the conditions under which large fees are exacted by a number of the so-called eminent vocal teachers. Hundreds of voices have been ruined by teachers whose peculiar methods have nothing to do with proper vocal training."

New York Times.

MRS. K. L. SKAHEN

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